First Aid

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First Aid

by Enjoyerofmen

Summary

When things go south on a call for Sonar that was meant to be simple for him, he gets a little fucked up. Robert isn't about to leave Sonar looking half dead, so he drags him away to perform some questionable first aid.

Or:

The author wanted to write Sonar whimpering and this is what came of it.

Notes

What's popping Mechabat/Sobert nation, I return to you with another product of my obsession with this ship and unwillingness to sleep before I post this. Only this time i was actually somewhat lucid when I was writing it!

I can't guarantee they'll be as in-character this time around considering I didn't have scenes/dialogue to pull from the actual game, but I hope you all enjoy it nonetheless.

I'm gonna yap a little but if you don't want behind-the-screen shit you can go ahead and just scroll down to the actual fic:
This was originally just going to be 'Robert giving Sonar first aid with a suspicious amount of tension', but because I decided it would be too short for me, I went ahead and wrote the events leading up to Sonar being injured. It may be rushed, and I apologise, but my executive decision was that there'd be more substance if I did write about it.

If any of you have thought why the spacing is so weird sometimes between paragraphs/dialogue, it's because I write all of my fics on the notes app and then copy/paste it over to ao3 before I post.

Also? I just wanted to write a fight scene, sue me, I like to indulge from time to time.

Also also, my knowledge on first aid is basic basic, I will say it now that I was just fucking winging it when I was doing this. So to anyone with actual medical knowledge, you have full permission to rag on me.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Alright Sonar, I need you on this one.”

Robert needs him. It still makes Sonar feel off hearing them say things like that, not bad, just…off. In a way. For all Sonar’s knowledge he still can’t find the right words.

At least Robert isn’t flooding Sonar’s brain anymore, which lets him actually focus on his dispatches now. Looked like he was right in his thoughts about needing some time alone with Robert, after the other night where Robert stayed over, the incessant need went away.

Which doesn’t mean he stopped thinking about Robert. It wasn’t exactly easy considering they’re his dispatcher, but it was manageable now at least.

That night was…nice too. If he was being honest.

“Ah for my boundless intelligence and abundant charisma, right?”

A sigh through the comms.

“Sure. Another drug bust, Malevola already nabbed the guy who was going to meet up with these gang members. They needed a dealer who could get them an estimate on the value of all the coke they’ve stockpiled. They never met face to face, so we’re sending you to pose as him; look around, see if you can get any evidence that can fuck over the gang as a whole.”

“Come on Bobert, this is too easy for me.”

“You don’t sound offended.”

“I do, you can’t tell? This is my offended voice.”

“Do your goddamn job, Sonar.”

Sonar doesn’t know why he was dragging the conversation on like that, but hearing that tone from Robert, he felt oddly satisfied now.

“On route now, Boss man.”

“Sonar.”

“‘Sup?”

“Easy on the coke this time.”

“Whatever you say.”

_____

Sonar looked up at the meeting spot, some shit hole it was. Run down little warehouse at the edge of town, looks like it hasn’t been touched in years.

The perfect spot for drug hoarding! Sonar would commend these guys for their excellent choice in location for their dirty dealing, if of course, he wasn’t here to fuck them all over. Which he was.

Apparently the dealer was told to knock on the back entrance four times. Sonar raised his fist and banged on the door, hard. His ears twitched.

He got a read on his surroundings, including the inside of the warehouse. It was largely empty, with some crates arranged near the middle for what seemed like improvised seats.

There were other crates and containers as well but they were off to the side against the walls. He counted four men, all with a blunt weapon of some sort. There was only one gun, placed on some random crate further off from the middle of the warehouse.

One of them strode on up to the door. Sonar strode in the moment it opened, back straight, fixing his tie despite it being perfectly in place just so he looked more capable.

“Fellas.”

The one who opened the door was just a smidge shorter than Sonar, wearing a sleeveless top, combats and a balaclava. Horrid fashion sense, really.

“Who the fuck’re you to walk in here, freak?!”

“I’m Jeremy’s cousin.”

Jeremy, what a name for a guy in a position of power in a gang. The fashion blind gang member sputtered, coughed and rubbed the back of his head.

“Oh, sorry dude we didn’t uh…”

He glanced to the other members.

“You know Jeremy had a cousin who..?”

“Nope.”

“Haven’t a clue.”

“Don’t look at me.”

Then he looked back to Sonar.

“You two really..resemble eachother!”

“I lied.”

“Huh?”

“I’m not Jeremy’s cousin. Do I look like him?”

“What? Hell no.”

“Yeah so why’d you believe me when I told you that?”

“Jeremy’s a real family man, y’know? He’d string us up if we talked shit about them.”

“That so? Sounds like a chill guy.”

“Well then who are you?”

“The one who’s gonna put a price to all that coke you’ve got in here. From what I’ve heard?”

Sonar whistled. It let him see the rest of the warehouse clearly. To the left there were stairs that led up to a catwalk, that in turn led to an office.

“You boys are going to be ROLLING in it, let me tell you.”

That seemed to raise the men’s tunes. They all laughed, high fiving before the one who let Sonar in clapped him right on the back.

“What’re ya waiting for then? The big man’s up in that office with the coke, head on up.”

Sonar did just that. Things were going well so far, the guys were fucking idiots. Didn't even try to confirm he was their actual dealer, crazy. Maybe this WAS too easy for Sonar.

The office wasn't too crazy in size, the opposite actually. There was the windows overlooking the warehouse, a table in the middle and cabinets and a desk tucked in the back corners. What really stood out though was the sheer amount of coke stacked on the table. Holy shit.

"Jesus dude, you've got so much coke you'd make Pablo Escobar jealous."

He was talking to the boss sitting at the desk. Same terrible fashion sense as his subordinates, just a little more imposing. Just a little. Seemed like a regular guy.

"You flatter me."

Not a normal guy, he rectified as he stood up. Boss was wearing metal boots twice as thick as his damn legs; Sonar could hear thrumming from inside of them, so he could gather it wasn't **just** a pair of metal boots. Dangerous for sure.

"Hell of a stack though, ain't it? Bet it'll bring us in a lotta money, eh?"

"A 'lot' is an understatement, my dude. You're going to be stacked. Got anything I can write in? It'll be easier for me to work out how much this is all worth."

"Sure, give me a moment."

The Boss walked to the cabinets next to the desk, pulling a compartment open. Or tried to.

"Stupid thing…"

It didn't open on the first tug, or the second, nor the third or forth.

"Son of a-"

One real hard tug and it finally came open. Noisily. Handy for Sonar. Inside were a few folders and notebooks. One seemed extra thick though, filled with extra pages that spilled out from the top and side, the leather seemed worn too.

A ledger maybe? Perfect. That's where all the dirty dealings are probably logged.

The Boss pulled out a much less used notebook and a pen, handing them to Sonar before returning to his desk.

“I’ll leave you to it-“

He closed his laptop then held it under his arm, heading for the door

“-I have some things to talk to the boys down stairs about.”

“You got it boss.”

Sonar waited for a few seconds.

“Robert my man, do I have some news for you.”

“You inside?”

“Yup. I think they have a ledger in the cabinet too.”

“Perfect! You see any cameras on your way in?”

“Not that I noticed.”

“Okay. Give me a second, I’m going to see if there’re any I can get access to.”

“No rush Bobert.”

Sonar pranced over to the cabinet the ledger was in.

‘Which drawer was it?’

He tried the first, useless, the second was useless two. But the third? Oh, that's where the good stuff was. If they were lucky…

He opened the ledger and oh were they lucky. Names, locations of hideouts, the amount of coke they get their hands on, and so much more. He struck gold.

"Sonar!"

"What's going on Roberto?"

Sonar asked as he slid the ledger into the inside pocket of his blazer.

"There's a camera in the office, they know you're after the ledger, get the fuck out of there!"

Didn't have to tell Sonar twice, his first action was to book it for the door, and reaching for the handle-

When the door went flying off its hinges, slamming into Sonar and knocking him to the ground. Dazed and disoriented, he pushed until it fell next to him, only to be met with two hands gripping the lapels of his blazer.

Then being tossed through a window.

For a brief moment in the air, the noise of the window shattering gave Sonar the chance to see what was going on beneath him. The four gang members had already formed a half circle a few steps away where Sonar was about to land, weapons in hand expectantly.

Thud

Sonar landed hard on his side, all thoughts rocked out of him by the impact. The fall wasn't enough to break anything, though the bruising would be horrendous. And the aches when all this was done with.

It took Sonar a long couple of seconds to regain his bearings enough to force himself off the ground. Sonar tried to position himself better, but they just surrounded him again when he tried moving away.

"Roberto, mind sending your favourite member of the team some help?"

Nothing.

"Robert?"

He looked back to where he landed, scouring the floor…and his earpiece was laying ten feet away.

Fuck.

"He's a narc! Kill him boys!"

The first came in swinging their weapon, putting in far too much windup to make it hard to avoid in the slightest. He stepped out of the overhead strike, grabbing their arm after they missed, pulling them forward then shoving them away.

The next one to swing at him was far quicker, forcing Sonar to awkwardly bend backwards to avoid it. To avoid the third one he threw himself down to the ground.

Where the last one was ready for him. Sonar recognised him as the goon that let him into the warehouse in the first place, their crowbar held high above their head poised to crack Sonar's skull like an egg.

“Hooooh!”

Now, why did the guy end up squealing? You ask?

Sonar uppercut them square in the balls.

And the guy reacted like any other person who got straight knuckle to nut: Their knees bent inwards, they dropped their crowbar, and they folded forward to cradle their squished balls. Sonar picked the crowbar as he stood, kicked the goon in the side to topple them over, and then had to jerk back towards the other men to block a hit from a pipe.

Sonar shoved the pipe away and retaliated by whacking the one holding it in the jaw, then over the back of the head while they were dazed.

Another goon snuck Sonar, jamming the end of their metal bat into his stomach and knocking the wind out of him. The other one left standing strode up to absolutely rock Sonar in the temple with a frying pan, dropping him to his knees and leaving his head spinning.

The one with the frying pan stepped back as their buddy grasped Sonar by the fur on his head and smashed their knee into his nose, his eyes watering.

“ARRRRGH!”

The goon who kneed Sonar in his handsome face laughed at him.

“Y’hear that? The freak yelped like a bitch! Think he’ll do it again if I hit him some more?”

They walked up on Sonar slowly, leisurely, assuming Sonar wouldn’t be able to fight back because of the beatings to the head and that he couldn’t see properly.

They were wrong.

Sonar twisted to the side at the moment before the goon's bat would've hit his side, grabbing it as he rose up to try and wrestle control of it away from his assaulter. They wouldn't give up; He pulled the bat as far out as possible before driving the knob back into their sternum. Sonar heard the breath rush out of them, but their grip remained firm.

It was at that point that the other goon realised their friend was in the middle of a struggle, rushing over and priming their frying pan to bash Sonar in the head again. Sonar saw them coming, twisted then pulled the goon he was struggling with into the path of their buddy's swing.

The frying pan didn't meet Sonar's head.

The goon he was wrestling with went limp, so he tugged the bat from their hands and stepped out of the way of the next swing from their friend. He retaliated by slamming the metal bat into the side of their knee, followed by a strike to the ribs, then finally in the back of the skull, knocking them clean out.

Sonar didn't even get a chance to catch his breath before the guy he'd punched in the balls earlier charged into his back. He went stumbling, nearly falling right down had he not caught himself with his hand. Arms were putting Sonar into a textbook chokehold by the time he straightened himself, his hands scrambling to them and trying to pull them away.

But the bastard just didn't budge.

Sonar raised his arm, sending his elbow back into their ribs once, twice, three times, four, but outside of pained grunts the chokehold wouldn't let up. So he went to his last resort: Sonar tilted his head down, opened his mouth, then sank his fangs as hard as he could into the goon's arm.

"Aagh! You mother fucker!"

Blood trickled into his mouth, metallic and sticky. He jerked his head as much as his neck allowed to tear into the arm deeper when he felt the grip loosen.

He yanked the arm away from his throat, leaned forward and proceeded to fling his head backwards into the goon's face. They stumbled backwards, cursing Sonar again as they reached under their shirt with their uninjured arm to brandish a knife. Sonar turned just in time to see the goon trying to stab him and turned just in time to only get away with a shallow slice to the side.

Sonar trapped the goon's arm under his own, and with his free hand, struck them in the head again and again and again. With his last punch he freed the guy's arm, putting all his body weight into the punch to lay them clean out.

Thud Thud Thud

What felt like a bullet train kicked Sonar in the back, flinging him across the warehouse and into a container. His body collided with it with such force the container tilted backwards for a second, and his body caved the side of it in on itself.

When Sonar landed he forgot for a moment how to breathe, curling in on himself until oxygen managed to fill his lungs. That's definitely a few fractured ribs.

And judging by the horrendous amount of pain in his left arm, his shoulder is dislocated.

Sonar could hear the boss striding up to him; he tried rising off his knees but didn't have the strength to, too disoriented to find it. The boss's hand fisted his collar, the other slamming into Sonar's head over and over again. He tried throwing a punch, he really did, but it ended with his hand being swiped away before the boss's fist met his nose, forcing his head backwards to hit the container and rebound off it.

Something made the boss change their tune, though.

They let Sonar go, their eyes trailing upwards, stumbling backwards.

"What the fuck is that?"

A giant hand encircled the boss's face, lifting them up to leave them dangling uselessly off the ground from the thing palming their skull.

Sonar hefted the boss up just to slam them back to the ground. Up, then down, up then down, after the fifth slam the boss wasn't even struggling anymore. They'd ended up like some glorified ragdoll, their bones broken. Sonar picked them up again just so he could hit their limp body against the container himself before dropping them.

In his monstrous form he looked down at the boss's unconscious body, squinting at the metal boots that had been the reason Sonar got punted across the warehouse, then brought his fist down on both the boss's knees to shatter them. Just to be safe.

bang

Sonar jolted backwards at the raucous noise that rung throughout the warehouse, looking down to see a bullet embedded itself in his abdomen. It didn't do much though because he was in this form.

Looking across the warehouse he saw the last goon he'd supposedly knocked out. They'd managed to drag themself across the ground to where, if Sonar remembered correctly, a pistol had been. The goon's hands shook when Sonar, unfazed, limped over.

"Wait! Wait! Pl-please don't hurt me, I'm sorry, I'll leave the criminal life behind me just please don't— AAAAGH!"

Sonar had grasped the arm holding the gun and snapped it, then he backhanded the goon across the warehouse and folding them around a support beam.

It took Sonar a minute of searching the ground to find his earpiece, taking it carefully between two claws and placing it in his ear.

"Yo, Bobert."

“Sonar?! You-?”

“Got the ledger? Hell yeah man.”

Back at SDN, Robert exhaled as he leaned back in his chair. He dragged his hands down his face In relief.

“I was going to ask if you were okay, Sonar.”

That made Sonar inexplicably giddy.

“Eh, relatively.”

“What does **that** mean?”

“Well Bobert, it means in relation to-“

“Just get back here.”

———

Robert gave a flat look at Sonar as he took the ledger. He looked down at it, unhurriedly turning and setting it down on his desk.

“So. This is what you meant by ‘relatively’ huh?”

“The other guys are a lot worse off than me, Bobert. So, yeah, I’m alright.”

Sonar's tie was crooked, his collar was uneven, his nose was bloody, his left arm was limp and there was a slice on the side of his suit that was clearly made with a knife.

"Sure. Just glad you're back in one piece. Relatively."

"Wow, Robert my man, I think that might be the nicest thing you've ever said to— what is it? What are you looking at?"

Robert was squinting at something past him. He turned around just to find some random worker at the printer. When he turned his head back around Robert was right in front of him, grabbing his tie and pulling him forward a little.

Whatever response Sonar had drawn up died when he felt Robert's hand on his neck, fingers running through his fur. It had Sonar's fur standing on end.

Then his neck stung.

"Ow."

Robert stepped back holding a small shard of glass between his fingers.

"You had a piece of glass in your neck."

"Oh, right. Thanks Bobert, chill of you to get that for me."

Robert looked Sonar up and down, sighing with a shake of his head.

"We're getting you patched up."

"We don't have to, I heal fast."

“And I don’t care, come on.”

“Robert-“

Robert grabbed Sonar by the tie again and dragged him along.

———

The two of them stood in the showers now, Sonar by the bench while Robert sat the medical kit he grabbed on the way down on it.

“Take your shirt off, I need to see what’s up with you.”

“Woah Bobert, while I appreciate you being forward I think this counts as a HR violation.”

“Go ahead and make a complaint then. I’m sure they haven’t had a dozen about you lot and would be happy to take you up on it. Take the fuckin’ shirt off.”

Sonar wasted no time obliging, using his hand to undo the buttons of his blazer.

Tried to.

Tried to undo the buttons.

It’s not the easiest thing to do with one good arm.

“…What’s wrong with your left arm?”

“Ahh, that? I think I dislocated my shoulder, is all.”

“You **think**?”

“It’s dislocated.”

A sigh.

“Lay down.”

Sonar was just a little confused but listened anyway, kneeling down and then laying on his stomach. Robert got down and straddled Sonar’s lower back. He disregarded Sonar’s pained hiss when he grabbed their left arm to pull it backwards, having it pointed as far up as he could.

“Robert what’re you doing?”

“I am going to pop your shoulder back into place.”

With that knowledge Sonar began squirming beneath Robert, legs kicking a little.

“Waitwait do you have any medical experience?”

“I’ve been fucked up enough times to know how to tend to myself if that’s what you’re asking.”

“No it wasn’t! Come on man at least give me a countdown or something before you—*whimper*”

Robert did not give Sonar a countdown at all.

“It’s worse if there’s a countdown because you’re going to think you’re ready for the pain but then you’ll just focus on the pain when it comes.”

“Mmnfff…Jesus Christ. Not cool, dude.”

“Stop your complaining, Sonar, quicker we do this the quicker we can get back to work.”

Robert pat Sonar’s (good)shoulder before standing up, then helping Sonar get up.

What Sonar really didn’t expect though was Robert taking his god damn clothes off. He unbuttoned his blazer, helped it off of Sonar, then tugged Sonar’s tie back into place before taking that off as well.

Robert more or less pushed Sonar down onto the bench behind him and Sonar didn’t find the strength in him at the moment to resist it. With the way his heart is going Sonar doesn’t even think he **wants** to in the first place.

Robert leaned slightly over Sonar to unbutton their shirt, folding it after it was off and putting it to the side with the blazer and tie. Then, he kneeled down in front of Sonar.

Saying nothing.

Robert’s hand landed on Sonar’s side, humming to himself instead of saying anything.

“What are you doing Roberto?”

“You know, I thought about it a little but I just assumed you only had fur on your head and around your neck.”

Sonar’s chest and stomach was all bare skin like a regular person, but starting from his hip bones his sides were covered in fur.

And Sonar does not like the way his body reacts to feeling Robert's breath on his stomach while their hand is right. On. Him.

"Think about me a lot Bobert? Kind of weird."

"I know you do."

That catches Sonar off guard.

"What?"

"That excuse to come see me the other night you first used? The stapler one? Seriously Sonar, that's the dumbest excuse you could've used. I can guess pretty accurately you were thinking about me so much that you had to invite me to your place. If anything you're the weird one."

Sonar couldn't say anything back knowing damn well Robert hit the nail on the head.

"Is that a fuckin' bullet wound Sonar? You didn't tell me you got shot!"

"I told you, I heal—"

"Heal fast, yeah, got it, doesn't change the fact you have a bullet lodged in you."

Robert's hand pulls away to rub at the bridge of his nose and Sonar regretfully mourns the loss of contact.

He reaches for the medical kit, pulling it over and inspecting the inside of it. Robert takes out some sterile cleansing wipes, a pair of forceps, sutures and a suture needle.

"How deep do you think the bullet is?"

“Why?”

“Why? Oh, just curiosity, I took all of these out because I find it fun…No, I’m taking the bullet out.”

“…I was transformed when I was shot and bullets don’t do much, smaller calibers at least, when I’m like that. So not too deep.”

“Good, that’ll make things easier then.”

Robert took one of the wipes and pressed it to the bullet hole.

“AAARGH!”

All was quiet for a few moments, Robert tilting his head up to blankly stare at Sonar.

“It’s how I see Robert.”

“Uh-huh I’m sure that’s why you did that.”

He finished sterilising the wound, sitting the slightly bloodied wipe away to the side and taking another one to wipe over the forceps with.

“Can you widen it for me?”

Sonar grunted when he moved his left arm, his shoulder still understandably sore, positioning one hand above the bullet hole and the other below it, pulling bullet hole a tiny bit wider for Robert.

Robert's left hand, the one without the forceps, splayed over Sonar's navel with his thumb positioned to the side of the wound, helping Sonar in stretching it. Then with a steady hand, he started putting the forceps into the wound.

Sensing what was coming though, he didn't put it in too far.

Sonar's breath rushed out of him, body jolting, back arching

"Aaah!"

Robert's hand applied a light pressure to Sonar's stomach, just enough to guide Sonar back down easily.

"Was that one just so you could see, too?"

"Not funny, Roberto.."

"Funny? Did I say it was funny? See me laughing?"

Sonar didn't respond.

"Just try and stay still, I'm not trying to be an asshole here Batboner."

Robert inserted the forceps deeper. He could feel the muscles in Sonar's abdomen, tensing, ready to jerk, so he kept applying pressure with his palm to keep Sonar still.

He tried not to let the tiny noises Sonar was making distract him.

"Easy Sonar, think I found it."

Robert's voice was low, soft in an attempt to soothe Sonar.

And ohhh, did it work fucking wonders.

The forceps enclosed the bullet.

“Nearly done.”

Slowly, carefully, Robert began pulling the bullet out.

“There we go.”

Then it was out. He sat the bullet on top of the bloodied sanitising wipe.

“See what happens when you just listen to me? Wasn’t so bad was it?”

Sonar’s breaths were heavy, sweat rolling down his chest and back. That was a pain to have done to him but atleast it didn’t take long.

“Thanks..Robert.”

His voice was shaking and breathy.

Robert took out a sterile patch and put it over the bullet wound. It wasn’t all that deep, thanks to Sonar being so sturdy when he transforms, so they could probably just leave it to heal itself. Robert’s fingers slid through the fur on Sonar’s side, parting it as best he could to see the slice.

“Cut’s shallow and the glass in your neck wasn’t in deep either, think I can just sterilise them, slap on some band-aids and you can rest until the evening dispatches.”

“Not even going to give me the day off?”

“You heal fast apparently, you’ll live through a couple non-dangerous calls.”

Robert wasn't going to send Sonar on any calls, dangerous or not. He just didn't want to send Sonar home so he could keep an eye on them.

"Harsh Bobert, harsh."

Robert got on with finishing things up, using a cleansing wipe to sterilise the slice on their side and slapping a patch over it too. He stood up after grabbing another fresh wipe, taking Sonar by the chin and tilting their head so he could get to the cut easier, which Sonar was certainly making it with how he let Robert do his thing with no pushback.

He wiped the cut, put a plaster over it, and stepped away.

"You should ice your bruises where you can, they're real fuckin' nasty ones."

"Heard, Bobert…Hey, you think about doing first aid classes? Hypothetically."

"No. I have a hard enough time dealing with you all on the clock, why would I work overtime for you? You're a Harvard graduate, as you love to remind us, I'm sure you can learn it by yourself no problem."

"…I'll buy you sour patch kids."

A couple seconds went by in silence.

"…Deal. I'll drop by your place tomorrow and show you a thing or two."

"Why not after our shifts today?"

Robert sighed.

"You won't let this go until I agree, won't you?"

“Probably not.”

“Fine, we can head to your place after work.”

“Sweet.”

End Notes

I really hope the type of tension I was imagining came across well enough in practice. I wanted to keep it subtle because I don't want to accidentally ruin the fic by trying to add tension way too hard and the writing suffering because of it.

But if it did? Feel free to comment some freaky shit about it. This is a safe space, believe me.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!